

SEA MURMURS

... AND ...

WOODLAND
SONGS



S. E. S. FAULKNER

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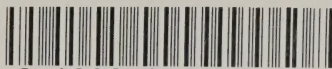
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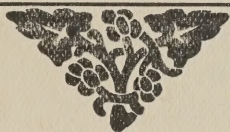


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Sea Murmurs and Woodland Songs



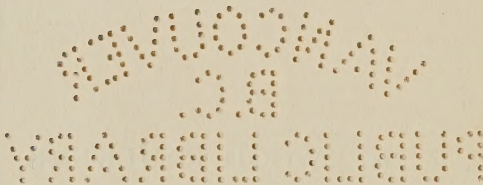
BY
S. E. SHERWOOD FAULKNER

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year one thousand nine hundred and three, by

S. E. SHERWOOD FAULKNER,
at the Department of Agriculture.



PREFATORY NOTE.

IT is with a feeling somewhat of diffidence that I present this little volume of poems to the scrutinizing gaze of the literary public ; but I beg to remind my friends, for whom chiefly I have collected these stray bits of verse and given them book form, that I do not presume in so doing to aspire to the rank and title of *poet*, for such an one, I believe, should be he who has devoted the greater part of his time to the cultivation of the poetic faculty. To this very object I would gladly have given the strongest energies of my life, but an overruling Providence has ordained otherwise. I trust, however, that to you, my friends, who have walked with me through many seasons of life's sun and shade, this little book may prove in some measure a source of both pleasure and profit—at least, a reminder of your friend,

S. E. S. F.

HAMMOND, N.B.,

September 10th, 1903.

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.. SEA MURMURS ..
— and —
WOODLAND SONGS

SEA MURMURS.

IN the rosy blush of morning
I have climbed the mountain's side,
Plucked the blossom from the wild rose,
Watched the brooklet dance and glide ;
And, tho' pleasant mem'ries linger
Of the joy thus brought to me,
Yet more pleasant is the mem'ry
Of my wanderings by the sea.

IN the twilight hush of even
I have sat and listened long
To the mellow voice of music,
To the happy voice of song ;
And, tho' charmed beyond recalling
By the tender melody,
Yet a voice more sweet and soothing
Is the murmur of the sea.

Sunrise on the Ocean

When a child my mother taught me
 'Twas the voice of God that spoke
 In the roaring, crashing thunder
 Which upon the mountains broke ;
 And I thought if, in the thunder,
 Jesus sternly speaks to me,
 Then of love he gently whispers
 In the murmur of the sea.

SUNRISE ON THE OCEAN.

THE sails are idly hanging from the spars ;
 The dreamy waves are crooning lullabies ;
 While, mounting toward the zenith, slowly rise
 With noiseless tread the retiring sentinel stars,
 Whose watch is past. The gate of Orient jars,
 And lo ! the golden sun in heavenly guise,
 Divinely glorious—sight for angel eyes—
 Comes forth full-robed to meet at heaven's bars
 Her bridegroom, Ocean, with his wealth of ships—
 A galaxy of sails, an endless fleet—
 With which he greets her ; and her flaming lips
 Kiss every passing wave which shoreward beat ;
 And from the foaming crystal cup she sips
 The life-wine of the flood, and calls it sweet.

JUNE.

JUNE, laughing June,
Here so soon !

'Twas but yesternight that May bade adieu
To the year, and stepping out in the gloom,
Whispered, smiling, as she lingered in the blue,
“ For my fairest, sweetest sister I'll make room.”
Then the stars
Began to pale,
And the morning glories blushed into bloom.

June, happy June,
Here so soon !

With the fragrance of the wild rose on her breath,
And the color of the peach-blow on her cheek ;
While her voice in tuneful measures lingereth,
And her eyes of azure hue are soft and meek—
Eyes of blue,
Forget-me-nots,
Pansies blue, which look at you and almost speak.

Mother's Love

June, fairy June,
 Here so soon !
 See her dainty, dimpled hand held aloft,
 Dropping diamonds on each flower and blade of grass,
 While she breathes a morning song low and soft
 To Aurora and her maidens as they pass—
 Gems of dew,
 Sparkling gems,
 How they glisten on the scented sassafras !

June, glorious June,
 Here so soon !
 All the songsters of the woodland and the vale
 Chant their trebles and their trills from joyous throats,
 Till the music from the flower-sprinkled dale
 Meets the music of the wood in happy notes—
 O'er the fields
 A chorus sweet
 From the orchestra of Nature grandly floats.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

THE far cerulean depths of summer skies
 Can ne'er be reached by sight or wing of dove ;
 No more can the pure depths of a woman's love
 Be measured by our fickle human eyes.
 Good mothers are but angels in disguise ;
 When, earthly work all done, they rest in heaven,
 We yearn to press those lips and claim again
 The love which we too late have learned to prize.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

GOOD-BYE, Old Year !
The frost lies on the hill,
The world is fast asleep,
And all the air is still.

We come to-night,
Within the gloaming grey,
Where Hope stands beckoning
Toward a brighter day.

Good-bye, Old Year !
We thank thee for the Past—
The wind, the sun, the rain,
And for the stinging blast.

We thank thee, too,
For all the joy and light,
For all the music sweet—
Songs in the darksome night.

The Old Year and the New

We can't divine
What the New Year shall give—
A withered fragrant rose
Thy memory shall live.

The watch is past ;
All hail ! thou bright New Year !
We welcome thee with song
And give thee merry cheer !

The Past is dead.
Why should we sit and weep
O'er faded flowers ? From out
The snow fresh daisies peep.

And this we know,
The world is full of flowers
Like blessings spread—alas !
Shall we not claim them ours ?

The loving God,
By moments, weeks and days,
Hath meted out our years ;
To Him we give the praise.

Into each hour
Bring some sweet, noble thought,
Some pure desire, so be
Thou shalt not live for naught.

THE DAWNING.

Who is this that comes on tiptoes,
With a crown of pearls and gold,
In a robe of radiant glory,
In a form of God-like mould ?

Stealthily her presence enters
Stately hall or lowly cot,
Like the perfume of the violet
Or the sweet forget-me-not.

"I'm the Dawning" lo, she speaketh !—
See her blush to crimson now—
"I am fleeing from the Sunlight,
Who would kiss my queenly brow.

"I've a lover, Evening Twilight,
King o'er all the West," she said—
"He is following after Sunlight ;
When I reach him we shall wed.

"Ope, ye golden gates of Morning !
Stay me not ! I may not rest !
I must make the World, then speed me
To my lover in the West."

MAY DAY.

THIS is May day, birdie, May day !
Yet the snow has scarcely fallen
From the bough where thou art swinging ;
No, the snow has scarcely fallen
From the bough where thou art swinging ;
Still 'tis May day, birdie, May day !

Cold the wind blows, still 'tis May day !
Tho' the earth with white is laden,
Tho' no pretty buds are springing,
Birdie, tho' no pretty maiden
Echoes to thy voice in singing,
Yet 'tis May day, birdie, May day.

Birdie, do not tire, 'tis May day !
Surely Summer soon will greet us !
Soon the sun will warm and brighten
Earth beneath and sky above us.
Birdie, Summer soon will brighten
All our songs, for this is May day !

INSPIRATION.

LIKE the blushes which unbidden
Mantle o'er a maiden's cheek,
All too plainly thus revealing
Thoughts she would not dare to speak ;

Or like evening dew's descending,
When the summer sun burns low
On the distant dim horizon,
And the shadows come and go ;

So the poet's inspiration
Welleth up within his heart ;
And he smiles, but careth never
If the world shall deem it art.

PLASH, splash, splash,—
And the little waves come up,
Then timidly retreat.
Splash, splash, splash,—
And around the ocean's rim
They circle from my feet.
Splash, splash, splash,—
So the love of God encircles all
At each heart beat.

BEHIND THE BARS.

WHY was I ever born, that this disgrace
Should like a leprosy gnaw at my heart ?
From morn till eve, from evening until morn,
I sit and pine for freedom and the stars ;
I gnash my teeth by times and moan
Behind the bars.

Friends have I none—they who were once my friends
Call out my name in scorn ; their epithets,
Like arrows poison-tipped, fly at my soul ;
They curse me for my sin like idle tars ;
I curse myself, and vainly beat
Against the bars.

They come not near me now ; I am as dead,
These prison walls my grave. A living corpse,
I feel the chill of death, the pulse of life ;
A hellish flame my inmost being chars,
For this is hell to me who sit
Behind the bars.

O God, for sake of Christ, who knew no sin,
 Yet suffered all the shame I now endure,
 Look on Thy Son and pity me for Him ;
 Look on His tear-stained face, His bloody scars,
 And oh ! forgive my sin, I humbly plead
 Behind the bars.

Thy presence then, dear Lord, should light this gloom,
 For Thou would'st come and here abide with me.
 Oh ! this were Heaven indeed, the world shut out
 And Thou within—no need of moon, or stars,
 Or sun, for Thou should'st be my all in all
 Behind the bars.

HOPE.

WE do not wait to hear the robins sing
 Before we don our pretty, gay attire,
 Nor do we wait to tune the ardent lyre
 Until the daisies tell us it is spring.
 Hope looks beyond the tidings that they bring,
 Anticipates the bud upon the brier,
 Sees Summer's glow beyond cold Winter's fire,
 And Heaven's bright arch where clouds are circling.
 Love binds the broken-hearted, dries their tears,
 And grows more lovely as the port she nears ;
 Faith holds the helm, alike in storm or calm,
 Breathing the intonations of a psalm ;
 Whilst Hope, with elfish daring, climbs on high,
 And through her glass discerns the haven hard by.

*TO ZEETHA.**

ZEETHA, dear Zeetha,
Wilt thou never come to me?
Shall I never in the twilight
Rest thee on my knee?

Zeetha, my Zeetha,
I am lonely for thy kiss.
Oh! to press thee to my bosom
Were ecstatic bliss!

Zeetha, sweet Zeetha,
Thy short life, so like the rose,
When it withers in the budding,
Fades before it blows!

Zeetha, fair Zeetha,
I can see thy smile afar;
I can feel thine eyes upon me,
Thou my Evening Star.

Zeetha, pure Zeetha,
There is many a storm-cloud here;
There is many a thorny pillow,
Many, many a tear.

* Infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Sherwood.

Zeetha, bright Zeetha,
Up from earth a little way
Thou wert lifted, like a sunbeam,
Into perfect day.

Zeetha, fond Zeetha,
It were better far for thee,
Better, darling—now I see it—
Both for thee and me.

Zeetha, happy Zeetha,
I shall love my darling more
Than I ever could have loved her
On this stormy shore.

Zeetha, angel Zeetha,
Thou wilt never come to me ;
But I know that thou art waiting ;
'Tis enough for me.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE comes by littles, like the flakes
Of snow which whiten yonder hemlock branch ;
Pressed in the vice of avarice it becomes
An iceberg or a mighty avalanche.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

"I WISH I could paint a picture,"
Said a roguish, blue-eyed boy,
As, to watch his sister painting,
He threw aside each toy.

"But I wouldn't make one as you,
With such patches of brown and grey!"
"Then, how would you make it, Charlie?
I shall listen while you say."

"I would make it all flowers and sunshine,
And birdies with wings bright as gold;
And then I would keep it to look at
If ever I come to be old."

"But let me tell you, dear Charlie,
That you have a picture begun;
And I hope it may prove a bright one,
All flowers, and birdies, and sun."

Oh, sister, I can't understand you !
That sounds like a puzzle to me—
Why, I've neither paint nor brushes,
Nor canvas, as you may see !”

“ Well, I shall explain to you, Charlie ;
’Tis the picture of life that I mean,
And Time is the canvas you work on—
’Twas given you white and clean.

“ And God is the great Master Painter,
Your Teacher, dear Charlie, and mine ;
Who deals out our paints and our brushes,
And measures our canvas of time.

“ And a Model—a perfect Copy—
He has painted for you and for me ;
’Twas begun in Bethlehem’s manger,
And finished on Calvary.”

TO THE SWALLOW.

SWIFT aeronaut, whose guileless wing
Cuts the soft air in many a sweeping curve,
Thy circling flight recalls the happy spring,
Which thy prophetic matins yearly serve.

Why dost thou come to rear thy chirping brood
Beneath the shelter of our household eaves?
Why dost thou so delight to seek thy food
Dancing in light above the trembling leaves?

What art thou, bright bird of the dauntless breast?
Some winged apparition from the groves
Where the sweet south wind fans her sons to rest,
Waving her censer wheresoe'er she roves?

To me thou art the embodiment of bliss,
Set free from some far-distant realm of light;
With some sweet message sent from that to this—
I would 'twere given to me to read it right.

Some message sent by thee from yonder shore,
 As messages are sent in angel guise,
 To teach us happiness by thy bird-lore,
 Humanity and love by thy unhuman eyes.

How dull are we as students, when we choose
 To heap up parchments of the ancient times—
 Dead thoughts in a dead language—to enthuse
 Our own dead senses by their rustic rhymes ;

And scorn the language of the fields and brooks,
 Bright birds, and butterflies, and ants, and bees.
 Let those who choose world-knowledge study books,
 But all who would be wise should study these.

ABRAHAM AT SARAH'S DEATH.

SERENE and calm she lay, robed for the tomb ;
And slowly moved the watchers to and fro—
Now in, now out the costly curtained room ;
And all the lamps burned low.

The solemn air was heavy with the breath
Of cassia, of cedar, and of myrrh,
But those sad, melancholy signs of death
Were all alike to her.

Low sounding footsteps near and nearer come,
And now the aged patriarch appears.
He leans upon his staff, his lips are dumb,
And his eyes are full of tears.

They draw aside the curtains, bid him pass
Within the chamber death has hallowed so ;
He kneels beside her form and speaks, " Alas !
That thou should'st lie so low !

"Thou, who wert always young—but I am old—
The same smile sits upon thy marble face
As played about thy lips when we were told
That God had given us grace,

"That thou should'st bear a son. How thou did'st laugh
Down in thine heart !—an heir, a freeborn boy
Supplanting Hagar's child—how thou did'st quaff
That ruddy cup of joy !

"Most beautiful of women ! prototype
Of that fair daughter of our Hebrew race
Whose Holy Son shall shine in glory like
The brightness of God's face !

"My Princess ! thou of noble blood and breed,
Beloved and named by God, who gives thee rest—
Jehovah's crown was this, that 'In thy seed
All nations shall be blest !'

"Oh ! well for thee, my love, that thy dear eyes
Are veiled so closely from these seething tears,
Which burn into my heart until it dries
Up to a dust of fears !

"Be calm, my heart ! Great God, subdue my mind !
For grief of her may I forget not Thee !
This broken clay returneth to its kind,
Her soul returns to Thee !"

Then Eliezar came and laid his hand
Upon the old man's hand and led him out,
And wiped the tears from his sad face, and said :
"Tis well with her, our mistress ; I can see
The angels stand aside to let her pass
The gateway into heaven." And then the old
Man, smiling, gazed toward the sky and said,
"I see even more, I see the promised Christ,
The Lamb of God, who takes away the sin-stain
Of the world."

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CANADA FOR GOD!

SHOULD other nations bow the knee
To gods of their own making ;
Should other lands their endless thirst
In Bacchus' tide be slaking ;
While gleams the sun or falls the rain
Upon the verdant sod,
We'll shout aloud the grand refrain—
O Canada for God !
For goodness, love and temperance !—
O Canada for God !

Our gates swing wide, and lo, they come !
(Oppression's yoke is galling)
They come to dwell where they may hear
His benediction falling.
They heard afar, those sons of pain
(Still let it sound abroad),
They heard afar the sweet refrain—
O Canada for God !
For goodness, love and temperance !—
O Canada for God !

Oh, happy land, where Joy and Hope
 Throw off the weeds of sorrow !
Oh, happy land, where Justice holds
 The torchlight of to-morrow !
Here righteousness and peace shall reign,
 And all the world shall laud,
And join us in the grand refrain—
 O Canada for God !
For goodness, love and temperance !—
 O Canada for God !

O Thou who knoweth every heart
 And all its secret working,
O Thou who seeth at a glance
 Where hidden sin is lurking,
Reprove the sin in cot or hall,
 Nor spare the chastening rod ;
Lead us aright that we may sing,
 O Canada for God !
For goodness, love and temperance !—
 O Canada for God !

LET THE BREATH OF THE FLOWERS IN.

LIFT the sash a little higher
Where the rose and lily groweth,
Where the bright peony bloweth ;
Now the dawn of morning gloweth
Pink and purple on the far horizon's rim—
Pink and purple on the mountains,
Softened by the twilight dim.

CHO.—Let the breath of the flowers in, dear ;
Oh, let their fragrance in ;
Draw aside the flimsy curtain,
Let the breath of the flowers in.

Lift the sashes eastward, westward,
Where the early dews ascending
Lighten those sweet boughs, down-bending
With their weight of beauty, sending
Whiffs of fragrance up the pathway through
the trees—
Whiffs of fragrance through the window
On the subtle morning breeze.

O ye hallowed friends, ye Flowers,
Teaching us by silent measures
Wherin lie our truest treasures,
Soothing us by purest pleasures,
Lift us ever by your innocence
Toward the glory we shall witness,
When we take our journey hence.

AT TWILIGHT.

FADING o'er a summer sea
Are the rosy hues of even ;
And the waves sing lullabys
Soft as songs of Heaven ;

And the big round yellow moon,
Rising, smiles beyond the bay,
Glinting all the distant sails
With its mellow ray.

Jessie stands upon the pier
Gazing at a new-born star ;
In those dreamy eyes a tear,
For her thoughts roam far.

Far beyond the ether blue,
Far beyond the shining stars,
On toward the golden Gate—
Straight through Heaven's bars.

At Twilight

On to Him who made the sky,
Up to Him who made the sea ;
And she wonders how his hand
" Could make little me " !

But methinks I hear her say,
Watching still the stars above,
" God who made the sea and sky
Made me—' God is love.' "

" God in Heaven, oh, let me love thee ;
I am small, but Thou art great ;
Thou, I'm sure, canst safely lead me
Through the Pearly Gate ! " "

In the twilight of Life's evening,
When we weary on the road,
Let us too, like little Jessie,
Rest alone with God !

ST. MARTINS BY THE SEA.

WHITE sails by the south wind gently fanned
 Bedeck the distant bay ;
White waves wash the shells up the pebbly strand
 In their rolling, rollicking way ;
And the fishermen's boats, now up, now down,
 Before the soft winds flee,
For the fisherman loves a morning sail
 At St. Martins by the sea—
 The beautiful billowy sea.

Away to the east stands Point McKay,
 Hard by the harbor bar ;
Away to the west stands Quaco Head,
 With its beacon flaming afar ;
And resting 'twixt those ancient bluffs,
 Which guard her so faithfully,
She sits as a gem on our rocky coast,
 St. Martins by the sea—
 The sinuous, sonorous sea !

When the sun burns bright in a summer's sky,
Oh ! to rest on thy cool grey beach,
And learn those lessons of nature there
Which nature alone can teach—
Lessons from sea-bird, or fossil, or fin,
Or the amber anemone,
Or the seaweed that clings to thy jagged rocks,
St. Martins by the sea—
The cool and crystalline sea.

'Gainst the far blue line of Scotia's shore,
Oh ! to watch thy home-bound ships
As slowly they come, past reef and bar,
Past whirlpool and dangerous "rips" ;
Until safely at last they furl their sails
In the haven where they would be—
A haven of welcome upon thy shore,
St. Martins by the sea—
The proud and passionate sea.

At eventide, when the wind grows calm,
And the skies hold a golden glow,
Like the symphony of a sacred psalm
The falling waters flow ;
And music floats out o'er the ebbing tide,
And the bells ring merrily—
Oh ! the wedding bells for some fair bride
Of St. Martins by the sea—
The dancing, dimpling sea.

Lo ! a wind springs up as the night comes on,
 With swift, increasing breath ;
 And thy ships are dashed, like flashes of foam,
 In the very jaws of death !
 And thy fearless seamen are forced to quail ;
 Oh ! a seaman who would be
 When he meets a storm near thy treacherous reefs,
 St. Martins by the sea ?—
 The wrathful, raging sea.

On the night wind there comes a whisper low
 Of a sailor who sleeps 'neath thy wave ;—
 God pity the mother who weeps for a son
 In a nameless watery grave !
 May the Christ who strewed blessings about the shore
 Of the far-famed Galilee
 Be thine to bless both altar and tomb,
 St. Martins by the sea—
 The mournful, moaning sea.

NAMANEE.

THERE'S a baby in the West,
In the glorious golden West,
And her sparkling eyes look westward toward the sea ;
In a town of iron barges,
Lumber mills, and trees as large as
Houses in the East, lives Baby Namanee.

She has curls so brown and glossy,
She has eyes so bright and saucy,
Cheeks like oleander blossoms, fair to see ;
She's of happiness the essence,
Yes, of joy the full quintessence,
And like music is her laughter—Namanee.

What a name to give a baby !
I can guess your thought, it may be ;
Now I'll tell you how it happened—then you'll see :
In the East her little sister
Sickened—died—oh, how they missed her !
How they missed their pretty, prattling Marjorie !

In the grave her friends had made her,
 In her little grave, they laid her—
 Laid the marble form of little Marjorie ;
 Though until sweet speech forsook her,
 Yes, until the angels took her,
 She would say her name was "Baby Namanee."

So they named her infant sister,
 As the blessed angels kissed her
 Into life beside the glorious Western sea—
 Named their darling blue-eyed baby—
 Somewhat tearful, too, it may be—
 Named their precious living baby "Namanee."

This is baby's second birthday ;
 Many another happy birthday
 May heaven's garner have in store, my dear, for thee ;
 May the friends to-day who love thee
 Be forever thine to love thee ;
 May thy ways wind by still waters, Namanee.

LEOPOLD.

A NATION'S heart tolls out a mournful chime ;
A monarch mourns a son ; a prince lies here ;
A mother weeps above a flower-strewn bier ;
The fruit falls from the branch before its time—
The Rosebud, nourished in so sweet a clime
As that fond heart, and so unused to fears,
Falls, weighted with the heavy dew of tears ;
And, crushed by heartless, heavy-footed Time,
It sheds the fragrance of an early grief.
Heaven, heal the wound which thou hast made to bleed !
The cluster was thine own—thou art no thief ;
And fruit, and vine, and branch, and flower, and leaf
May we surrender to thy greater need.

REST.

ONLY the tired know the joys of rest.

The hunter, travelling through the forest wild,

In toilsome chase for game, his hours beguiled,

Until the sun fades in the weary west,

Turns to his home as bird flies to her nest ;

Like music falls the prattle of his child,

Like incense falls his good wife's accents mild,

And weariness gives way to tranquil rest.

O ye who from the fading flowers of life

Think but to suck the honey dews of pleasure,

Nor ever shed a tear or heave a sigh,

Rise to bold action in this stirring strife ;

Give every daily duty its full measure—

God teaches those who live how sweet it is to die.

SUSSEX VALE.

THOU elm-strewn vale, enclosed by hills,
Which grandly glow at even light,
Or coldly frown on all below
When morning mists dispel the night—
A garden meet
For princely feet,
Thy meadows and thy streams we hail ;
Born in the wild
As Nature's child,
Bloom on in beauty, Sussex Vale.

When Summer's sun brings summer flowers,
And hot the city's fevered breath,
The stranger seeks thy shady bowers,
Or fondly strolls where wandereth
Kind Kennebeck,
Whose waters deck
With sparkling brightness all the dale ;
In silver sheen
It may be seen
As on it flows through Sussex Vale.

When Winter's snow pales all the hills
And folds the meadows 'neath her shroud,
And when the frost king binds thy rills
With icy chains, then clear and loud
Thy songsters sing,
And joy-bells ring
Their merry chimes adown the dale ;
For Winter, sage,
Tho' white with age,
Laughs with the young at Sussex Vale.

AUTUMN TINTS.

RUSSET and red and gold and brown,
Beautiful leaves, how they flutter down
With a rustling sound by the old stone wall,
And into the shadowed pathway fall.

The evening clouds of red and gold
'Neath the veil of night have together rolled ;
And the twilight hush steals over all
Except where the russet and red leaves fall.

What is the message the bright leaves bring ?
To the soul that is sad they bid it sing,
For an emblem sweet of life and death
To us is borne on the evening breath.

The more of heat and frost and sun
The brighter the autumn tints will come ;
The more of trial and chastening rod,
So more and more grows the soul like God.

And when our lives with love made sweet
Are filled with days, our years complete,
Like the autumn leaf from the branch set free
We shall flutter away from the parent tree.

And far from the twilight shadows dim
Of earthly sorrows and earthly sin,
We shall rest in peace and joy unknown
In the light of His love, at the foot of His throne.

OUYGOUDY.*

1883.

LOVED river, flowing like a happy song,
Creating new delights at every turn,
Fresh beauties crowning with thy merry smile
As softly glide the moments and the days,
How many pulses since thy babyhood ?
How many years have dropped into the past
Since thou cam'st trickling down thy narrow way
To seek thy mother Ocean ? Or what sign
Appeared in Heaven above to mark thy birth ?
Did earthquakes rock thee in thy cradle first,
Or lightning's flash illumine thine early couch ?
Thy voice is silent to each questioning thought—
Time has its boundaries which none may pass,
And knowledge were too common could we reach
And pluck unbarred its golden fruit at will ;
Yet this we know, thou wert not always ours—
Three hundred years ago the red man dwelt
In many a wigwam near thy placid shore.

* Indian name for St. John, pronounced Wegody.

Thou wert his own Ouygoudy then, and oft
His bow was bent toward the western hills,
Speeding a dart at some wild leaping moose
Or caribou, whose thirst thy waters clear
Had often cooled, or tired limbs had bathed.
How wild and grand, Ouygoudy, was thy course,
Dashing o'er rocks in thundering waterfalls,
Or winding through dense forests dark and drear,
Whose waving cone tops, reaching toward the sky,
Told that the woodsman's axe was there unknown.
Thy cataracts were organs vast and grand,
Where Nature played her deep accompaniments
To all the varied music of the wood—
To every amorous tale the bobolink
Sang to its mate, making the forest ring ;
To every zephyr soft that whispered love
Or brought the offer of a plighted faith ;
To every wide, wild wind which moaning crept
With hollow sound about thy mountains drear.
No beautiful arched bridge had yet been reared
To hide from thee the blue and gold of heaven ;
But free as Nature made it ran thy course
Toward the beautiful lonely wave-capped sea ;
And ever since unceasingly have sped
The limpid waters o'er thy rocks and shoals,
And yet untired thy flow.

Three hundred times
Since then has Winter stern imprisoned thee
Within his icy grasp, and o'er thy breast
Scattered as many times his wreaths of snow ;
As many times the wild spring flowers have blown

To greet again thy resurrection morn,
And shed their perfume o'er thy melting tomb.
And yet how little changed, oh, faithful stream—
Faithful, yet ever changing like the moon,
Night's pallid orb, which stoops at every change
To kiss thy crystal tide, and still like her
Unaltered in the course which Heaven has planned.
A little deeper hast thou made thy bed ;
A little wider have thy margins crept,
Uprooting here and there some ancient pine,
Or crumbling into sand the meadow bank ;
A little higher do thy mists ascend
As incense toward that morning sea of cloud
Which gives thee back full more for all thou givest.
"How little changed !" I said, but we have changed
The peoples who have trafficked on thy wave
And called thy shore their home.

Oh, luckless day

To happy chief and tribe, when on thy waves
Was heard the plashing of the white man's oar !
For with intrusive step the paleface came
To steal away their peace. Rude forts which cast
Their dismal shadows on thy peaceful breast
Were portents of a dismal day to be ;
And as the years came on with sturdy pace
Each brought fresh signs of rivalry and war.
Two mighty nations had at once espied
A rough unchiselled gem, whose primal worth
Drew forth their energies to claim the prize.
Those scenes of strife and blood, where man with man
Held deadly conflict, let us pass them by ;

Yet sacred are the names of those who bled,
And, bleeding, gained our peace and conquered strife.
Thou waterest now a land where white-winged Peace
Has long her pinions rested on our hills.
The ancient forts of Acadie, where met
The sturdy English with the dauntless French,
And the dark Indian's shining arrow flew,
Are crumbling to the ground with every breath
The changing seasons bring to each glad year.
Fort Frederick, where once the tricolor waved,
Is now no more. Men walk the paved streets
And seldom think that there a fortress stood.
Full many a rusty cannon here and there
Tell of those troublous times of long ago ;
And every year a group of students write
Their names and date upon the damp old walls
Of Cumberland, the ancient Beausejour.

Upon the eastern hilltops we may see
Those amber tints that mark the dawn of day :
So o'er our glorious country we behold
The roseate dawning of a nation's power.
Thanks to those sons of toil who went before,
Leaving their children—all they had to leave—
The heritage of Freedom, Honor, Truth.
Who were our fathers? Whence has sprung our race,
That we of humble parentage should look
For honor trickling down our youthful veins?
We glance back but a century and see
A band of refugees seeking a home,
A haven, noble river, on thy shores.
These were our loyal fathers, and a place

Of fondest love their names hold in our hearts.
No truant children they, but faithful sons
Whose proud hearts held so dear the English flag
That they would rather wear it as their shroud
Than see it trampled 'neath rebellious feet.
Through blood and fire they came, the vanquished, yet
They held an inborn sense of honor, which
The vanquishing, alas ! can never feel.
Knowest thou, Ouygoudy—now our own St. John—
'Twas where thy waters dark embrace the sea,
That wave-tossed fleet which bore those anxious hearts
Towards our shore was rocked in sight of land ?
'Twas there those eager eyes, that fair May morn,
The distant prospect scanned, and saw arise
From out a sea of fog yon Carleton Heights ;
While, drawing nearer, just before them stood,
Firm on its ancient rocky base, Fort Howe.
These gave them welcome, and thy silver foam
Obeisance made, while soft-tongued birds
Their welcome sang in carols sweet and clear.
No church spires rising through the misty air
Their eager vision met. A few rude huts,
The dreary homes of weary fishermen,
Were scattered o'er the beach, and here they spread
Their own white tents and felt secure at home.
They knew not then, those refugees of old,
That from those rocks and cedar-covered banks
Should rise a city fair, and, as thy child,
Thy daughter, bear thy honored name, St. John.
Yet they of noble blood were happy here,
For hearts as loyal and as brave as theirs

Could scarcely falter now at any lot ;
The Puritanic blood which warmed their veins
Was destined not to chill so easily.
So with stout hearts they bent them to their toil ;
For peace was precious, bought with many tears,
And this was home which they had learned to prize ;
And often seasoned was their scanty meal
With prayer and faith, which sometimes now are left
Aside as meaner dishes. 'Twas in those homes
That godly matrons sang their lullabies,
As, seated by the distaff, oft they drew
The shining linen through their skilful hands ;
And, when the hush of twilight settled down,
Would hang the supper pot upon the crane
Above the blazing logs, and ready make
The wholesome evening meal. Yet pleasure dwelt
Beneath those rafters brown, and whether fair
Or foul the wind, beside the fisher's net,
Or weeding corn within the garden plot,
Their hearts were turned in thankfulness to Heaven
For dangers passed and blessings yet to come.
Their churches were rude barns, but it may be
Their songs and prayers rose easier through the rifts
Than ours through painted ceilings. It was there
They knelt to Him, the Christ who, now in heaven,
Drew His first human breath low in a barn.
Thus day by day they toiled and wept and sang
Until their work was done. They sleep, they rest.
We build upon the bricks their care has laid
And call it all our work, our care, our toil ;
Nor praise them for their hard-earned comforts more

Than the next generation shall praise us.
Yet we are proud, and babble our own praise
Whilst thou in solemn majesty roll'st on ;
And if a voice thou utterest, 'tis to Him
Who hast the orchestra of Nature vast
Tuned to one mighty chorus in His praise.

Sing on, in notes sublime, oh, noble stream,
And if perchance some curious souls there be,
And any ask who heaped thine islands up,
And fringed their banks with elms of stately form,
Or any ask whose finger marked thy path,
And clave the rugged rock that thou might'st pass
Unprisoned toward the deep, then bid him stand
Beside that awful gorge where thunder down
Thy waters dark until they dash to foam
Upon the jagged rocks, and rising thence
In mist and spray weave high a regal crown
In rainbow hues to mark thy kingly rule ;
There let him stand with foot upon these rocks,
Cut by no hand of art, hewn out in blocks,
Each firmly laid in place and there sustained
Amid that ceaseless roar of rushing waters ;
There let him stand, and let thy foaming spray,
Soft as the morning vapors, damp his brow,
While falls upon his listening ear the noise
Of thy wild rushing waters as they sink
To whirling depths beneath his trembling feet.
'Tis then, methinks, his thoughts are turned above
Until, as if beside the door of heaven,
He hears inside the eternal voice of love
Speaking in tones above the torrent's roar,

“Be still ! and know that I the Lord am God.’
’Tis here the poet loves to come and sip
Sweet nectar from thy ever-falling dew ;
And here the artist comes with peering eye
To note thy grandeur, thy sublimity,
To catch the sunshine of thy beauty rare,
And hold it by a pigment band upon
His canvas. But Nature is not captured thus—
A rose upon a plaque is not a rose
That one may smell of mornings and call sweet ;
And a Grand Falls upon a canvas does
Not have the music or the sunshine in’t :
It does not have the rainbow, or the mist,
Which bathes thy sides in a perpetual dew.
Yet Art is beautiful and Nature grand ;
Then let us Art admire and Nature love,
Whilst with clasped hands we *worship only God.*

THE POET'S DILEMMA.

1903

A POET of quiet demeanor
Sat by his lady's side,
And the thoughts of his heart responded
To those of his would-be bride.
'Twas a song of love she was singing,
And the music from her lips
Eloquence gave to that which flowed
From her fairy finger-tips.

When the song had merged into silence
The poet arose to depart,
For the evening was spent, yet the leaving
Brought sadness to his heart.
Then the lady spake out boldly,
"O my poet lover, pray
Write me a beautiful poem,
A tender, melodious lay."

The Poet's Dilemma

"Give me your chosen subject
Culled from life's scenes of unrest,
Or culled from affection's flowers—
Give—I shall do my best."
Then she smilingly answered, "Music,
Ah, this shall the subject be,
For there's nothing by half so sweet on earth
As music and song to me."

So the poet departed, and ever,
As he strode in silence along,
There floated before his vision
A singer and a song.
And I fear as he knelt at midnight
Beside his bed to pray
That the blessed angels waited in vain
For a message to carry away.

"Oh, what shall I write of music
To please my Rosabell?"
Over and over and day by day
From his lips this question fell.
But his thoughts could give no answer,
So he seized his crowquill pen,
And "What shall I write of music?"
Repeated again and again.

The ink into vapor vanished,
His paper, untouched, lay white,
"Of music and song apart from love
I am sure there is nothing to write."

Then he plunged his pen into the ink-horn,
 "I shall write dearest Rosa a note";
 So with many a scrawl and scribble
 These passionate lines he wrote.

"Dear Rosa, the task which you set me
 I would give the whole world to complete,
 But I must beg pardon for failure;
 My tenderest love I repeat.
 Music hath power to thrill me
 When linked with the love which o'erflows
 From a heart that beats only and ever
 For mine in its joys and its woes.

"But this world is strung to sorrow,
 And its harsh, discordant notes
 Grate and jar on those sentient souls
 Attuned to impassioned throats.
 Thy lips alone may command me,
 Thy voice alone can inspire
 The poem for which thou hast asked me—
 Farewell! O my fond heart's desire!"

He sent her the missive, then waited,
 And this in return he received:
 "Dear Stanley,—To know of your weakness
 I certainly feel much aggrieved!
 Oh, let not the love of a woman
 Deter you from acting your part,
 In the drama of life; let it aid you
 And strengthen your hands as your heart!"

The Poet's Dilemma

“ For this is the poet's mission—

Like the pearl-diver under the sea—

To search out the world's hidden beauties

And reveal them openly ;

To court the wild wings of Æolus,

And fathom the regions above ;

To gather the treasures of heaven,

The riches of Music and Love ;

“ To walk through the valleys of Silence,

Gleaning the grain of Thought ;

To pluck the sweet purpling clusters

From the vineyard by patience wrought,

And drop them so low that we hungry

And famishing souls may be fed

And refreshed by the clarified waters,

The wine and the fruit and the bread ;

“ Refreshed and adorned and enchanted

With visions of glory afar,

With strains of melodious music

Which nothing on earth can mar ;

Thrilled, enthused, and ennobled,

Blinded to sensual things,

As if by the gleam which flashes forth

From the angel Purity's wings.

“ Ah ! can you not write of music ?

Then you are no poet, my lord,

For the sweetest music is that which is wrought

From the notes of life's ills and discord.

E'en the harpstrings of Pain and Sorrow,
Oft tensioned by slow degrees,
Yield at the touch of the Master
Divinest harmonies."

He read, and paused in silence,
Then down on his knees he fell :
" Great God above, make me worthy Thy love
And the love of Rosabell ;
And worthy to sing as Thou speakest,
Intoning Thy words as they fall,
Till the strains from my lyre
The world shall inspire
With Thy love which aboundeth for all."

LAURINE.

The moon shone bright o'er all the land ;
The sails were white upon the sea ;
A youth paced proudly up the sand ;
A lily white hung from his hand,
While from his lips fell silently—
“ Laurine.”

A lady, fair as rose in June,
Stood in a porch of ivy-vine ;
Her eyes more mildly than the moon
Upon his questioning features shine.
“ Accept this lily and be mine,
Laurine.”

He knew her answer e'er it came,
He read it in her eyes of blue—
To-morrow she should cross the main.
“ Good-bye, but bring me back again
This Lily white, a heart more true,
Laurine.”

She kissed his snowy brow and sighed,
She pinned the lily on her breast :
“ When next I stand so near thy side,
’Twill be as thine own happy bride.”
A lily to his lips he pressed—
Laurine.

A year has fled in distant lands,
And home-bound vessels sail the seas.
A youth comes quickly up the sands,
And o’er his breast he clasps his hands ;
One word he whispers to the breeze—
“ Laurine.”

A dream had haunted him that night,
In which he saw a stately ship,
Unheedful of the beacon-light,
Dash down upon the rocks in sight
Of land—the good ship named for her,
“ Laurine.”

In terror he beheld that wreck,
Amidst the din and noise an^d spray,
With lady fair upon her deck—
A lily at her graceful neck—
Her eyes are raised, her lips, they pray—
Laurine.

And then, beneath the surging wave,
He saw the phantom ship go down
Where wild tumultuous billows rave ;
Ah, there she finds a griefless grave—
Her shroud the sullen seaweed brown !
Laurine.

His waking brow burns hot with fear ;
He, rising, sees the beacon bright :
No noise of tempest meets his ear,
No sound is given him to hear,
Save that one word, from out the night,
“Laurine.”

In haste he seeks the shelly shore,
Nor heeds the darkness lurking there—
“Oh, shall I never see thee more,
To greet thee as in days of yore,
My own lost angel, fond and fair—
Laurine ?”

At last the yellow light of day
Broke in upon his reverie ;
And there he saw, by its first ray,
Upon the surf a lily lay ;
“And is this all that’s left of thee,
Laurine ?”

He pressed that torn and faded thing
To his pale lips ; then, sinking down,
No hope remained to which to cling.
“ My bride the sea will never bring !
Thy shroud the sullen seaweed brown,
Laurine ! ”

The sun shone bright o’er all the land ;
The sails were white upon the sea ;
A youth sat gazing at the sand ;
A hand was laid upon his hand ;
One word he uttered fervently,
“ Laurine.”

More softly than the morning light,
A maiden’s eyes upon him shine :
“ I lost the lily, pure and white,
Upon the blackness of the night,
But I am thine ”—“ Yes, thou art mine,
Laurine ! ”

BEYOND.

1903.

BEYOND the purpling and the golden clouds
Which wrap our earth in many a mystic fold ;
Beyond the untrodden paths of azure depths,
Where world on world swings silent and afar,
And clustering worlds in rhythmic measures beat
Their planetary rounds ; beyond the dreams
Of pleasure and the miseries of pain,
Your soul and mine a wider range shall take :
Freed from the fetters of material things,
Our spirits shall go forth to range the fields
Of boundless knowledge. Now we know in part—
We here catch but faint glimpses of the power
Of Him who plucked up matter, as it were,
From nothingness, and cast it into being,
As the clay is cast upon the wheel,
And moulded into shape, as wills the potter.
Now we see but dimly : mysteries,
Like chained lions, gnash their horrid teeth
And fright us all the way ; but there
All doubt, all mystery, all fear, shall flee
Like nervous nightmares chased by waking day.

We rise by baby-steps toward the mount
Of wisdom in the world, and those charmed few

Who, having crept so far as to behold,
When looking back, a struggling human mass
Just at their feet, exclaim that they are wise ;
Their faces so near earth the while that they
Perceive not that the height which they ascend
Extends beyond the earth-damps and the mists
Of sense and sight up to the eternal sphere
Where God Himself sits crowned in endless light.

As turns the magnet to the hidden steel,
As to the sunbeam turns the daisy's eye,
So turns the mind of man, by inert force,
Towards the height of God's infinity.

Within the whole of Nature's realm we find
A drawing upward into light and life :
From the uncomely earth behold there springs
The tender blade, the herb, the branching tree
Whose sap is changed to bud, then perfumed flower,
Whose sweet aroma falls on all around.

All vegetation claims superior worth
To mineral matter, such as rocks and stones.
Life these have not ; they cannot move nor grow ;
They cannot feel the vital energy
That springs through root and fibre, bark and limb,
With its refreshing, recreating power,
When Winter lays his icy sceptre by
And Springtime lifts her wand toward the sky.

Yet higher by another step we find
The animal. He breathes and feels and thinks ;
For him the world was made ; for him the rain,
The dews, the brooks, the springs and verdant fields ;
For him the trees and all the gorgeous flowers ;

For him the lamps of heaven by day, by night :
 He claims a kingdom all his own, and cries,
 "Intelligence hath woven me a crown—
 I challenge earth and sea to cast it down !"

In man, made of the earth, the highest type
 Of the creative art, made in the form
 Or image of Himself, God breathed the breath
 Of the supernal, even the breath of Life.
 Nothing can touch this Life, not even Death—
 That one who walks the earth with silent tread
 And breathes his poisoned breath upon the air,
 And vegetation fades, and all that life—
 That creeping, crawling, breathing, thinking life—
 Wilts down before his awesome majesty,
 And, mingling with the dust, no trace is left
 Of what it e'er has been. In man alone
 The seeds of Life and Death together sown.

Oh, sweet affinity ! oh, holy bond !
 The mortal and immortal wedded so—
 The fragile bride of earth to heavenly spouse
 Bound in one close embrace with plighted vow,
 "Until death do us part."

Death ! death ! ah, death !
 This is the curse that smiteth all things here,
 Whether the stalk of grass that groweth up
 To be cropped by the hungry grazing ox,
 Or whether the ox himself by man laid low,
 Or man, his master, wasted by disease—
 All that once sprang from earth must surely be,
 Or foul or fair, lost to identity.

And that which we term life is no more Life,
 But diverse ; for we no sooner enter on

The vast arena of this breathing world
Than we begin a combat with our foe,
Who, in sweet guise, doth merely play with us,
Using his tactics with such nicety
As to amuse us for a time, and then
We find ourselves entrapped. His masque thrown off,
He looms before us in his monstrous shape,
Satanic agent from some hellish clime,
Most hideous 'neath the rays of Truth sublime.

The cities of the earth are teeming o'er
With active, thoughtful, proud humanity ;
But greater are the cities of the dead—
The deaf, the dumb, the blind, the silent dead.
No watchman crieth from the enchanted walls
Of those inanimate and drear abodes ;
No laughter rings, no cry of vengeance falls
Upon the pavement in these realms of dust ;
Yet we are tending hither. Ope, ye gates,
Ye silent gates, which turn upon the breath
Of parting life ! Why should we dread you so ?
The seed must planted be ere it can grow.

Then where's the worth, the good, in earthly things ?
Beauty—what we call beauty—all we hold
As beautiful, seen through these tear-stained eyes,
Are but reflections of a higher state—
Mirages of the architectural domes
Which loom above the heavenly sea of glass
Within the gates of pearl and amethyst.
Music—what we call music—every sound
Harmonious to these dull, listless ears,
Is but the echo, wafted down the years,

From the orchestral halls, where erst the stars
Sang in harmonious concert to the Lord.

The sweet aroma of a million flowers,
And all the tasteful viands of the fields,
Or tables running o'er with dainties rare,
Smack death. They, too, are but illusions all.
Whate'er we touch or taste or hear or see
But gives a hint of that which is to be.

Then thanks to Death, that from these mortal bonds
He shall release us all ; then we shall see
With our new vision all things as they are,
And know the things of Life as we are known,
For there is nothing real in this life.
The earthly man says all of earth is real.
Is the rainbow real as it floats
In prismic beauty o'er the landscape fair ?
Child of the sun and cloud, a weakling born,
It fades as fades the purple cloud of morn.
Is river, lake, or ocean real ? No,
Not more real than the wavering shape
Of the fisher's boat inverted on its breast.
Is color real with all its hues and tints—
The green upon the tree ; the crimson blush
Upon the petals of a fresh-blown rose,
Or on a maiden's cheek ; the blue which hides
The briny depths of ocean's sounding caves,
Or dyes the jacket of a sailor lad,
Whose sweet blue eyes are neither like the sea
Nor like the sky, except in dropping tears ?
No, color is not real—sunset dims it,
Twilight smothers it in mystery,
And night, grim night, comes on and blots it out.

Are the mountains real, as they shake their crests
With thund'rous roar, and, bursting into flame,
Leap toward the sky dissolved in fire and smoke ?
No, no ; the very earth shall be removed !
All is transition in this world of ours,
Alike in torrents or in mouldering towers !

O Christ ! the first-fruits of the gruesome grave,
We linger on Thy words, " I am the Life "—
The life eternal ! the immortal life !
The uncreated, spiritual life !
The life of God !

Saviour, this life is ours,
For we are Christ's, and therefore we are God's ;
And by Thy Spirit we do mortify unholy deeds,
And, looking on Thy face so very near,
The joys of heaven are sometimes felt e'en here.

The sinner's wage is death ! O fearful doom !—
Shut out from joy, from peace ! shut out from hope !
Shut out from God, from heaven ! Eternal Death !
Where God is, sin is not ; and God being Life,
Away from God is Death ! Soul, soul, arise !
Turn thy face Godward, that His light may beam
Upon thy path and lead thee up to Life.

Didst see the sun set yesternight ? A cloud
Was on his face, and many thought 'twould rain ;
But when the morning broke so beautiful
They asked of none, " Where has the cloudlet gone ?"
The thought of cloud was swallowed up in sun.
These changeful, fleeting clouds belong to earth ;
The sun sits in the heavens ; we rise a space
And no more clouds are seen ; the golden glow
Predominates : so God is ever near

To him who, leaving carnal cares and joys,
Climbs to the height of heavenly hope and love.
Eternal Life is his—the gift of God above.

Wake ! wake ! ye sons of earth ; the glory breaks,
E'en now, upon the everlasting hills ;
The brightness of His coming flashes up
The minarets and fanes of God's high place.
Will ye not wake, and seek His holy face ?
Can ye not trust the hand that formed the world
And bears upon its palm the starry hosts ?
Can ye not love the heart whose charity
Extendeth to the wind-swept, wave-washed
Islands of the sea, where ignorance
And superstition dark their firmament ?
Can ye not hear that voice which speaks to all,
In the same tongue, the words of Nature's God ?
Can ye not feel the beating of His pulse
In your own longing after purity ?
Can ye not see in every flower that blows,
In every fronded leaf, or ear of corn,
The semblance of that perfect symmetry
Which graced the ambrosial bowers of paradise
Ere sin had called from heaven the mandate death ?
And know ye not that when our change shall come,
And all the hills shall smoke, and all the isles
Shall be removed, and the graves of earth
And of the sea shall yield up all their dead,
That He who hath made all things here
So capable of beauty, grace and joy,
Shall then unfold the mystery of Life —
Shall show us beauties that we dream not of,
And all the heights and depths of perfect Love ?

THE CLOSING CENTURY.

DECEMBER, 1900.

Not as fades the flick'ring midnight embers
 When the day lies sleeping silently ;
Not as pales the opalescent splendors
 Of a sunset on a Southern sea ;

Not as wanes the moon in starry heavens,
 Not as ebbs the tide upon the shore,—
Not as these the passing century neareth
 The Time-gate opening into Nevermore ;

But as, rushing on to field of battle,
 Champs the war-horse on his bridle ring,
So this glorious, golden century neareth
 The ethereal gates which ever swing.

'Twixt the Past, with all her grand achievement,
 And the Present, striving for renown,
Hail the day, for at that mystic portal
 She shall stoop to don a radiant crown.

The Closing Century

In her train are kings and queens and statesmen,
Nobler far than ever lived before ;
There are men whose deeply sought inventions
Thrill the world with wonder to its core.

There are men whose powerful thought has given
Impetus to chisel, brush and pen ;
Men whose words of eloquence and pathos
Shall reverberate in thought again.

Listen to the call from suffering peoples,
Trampled by Injustice, crushed by Wrong ;
Listen to the answer which she gives them
In the shouting of her battle-song ;

Listen to the music and the booming
Of her guns, which wake the slumbering glades ;
Listen to the marching of her armies
Onward, conquering through her grand decades.

And the World, made whiter from its bathing
In the fountain poured from human veins,
Lifts her banner toward the height of Heaven,
And the cause of righteousness maintains.

Many a hero lies at rest enfolded
By the mantle of some noble deed,
Smiling still in death that he was granted
Boon so great, for Justice, Truth to bleed.

And this Nineteenth Century hath her heroes :

Stars are they to light the untrodden way
Of the millions surging toward the hill-tops,
Glimmering in the dawn of endless Day.

Wave, ye Banners ! Shout, ye sons of Freedom !

Boom, ye Guns, on land or on the sea !

Flash, ye Lights ! Ye Rockets, pierce the heavens !

Bless God for this—the closing Century.

HUMILITY.

HELPLESS, dear Saviour, at Thy blessed feet,

Oh ! let me linger and repeat Thy love ;

Weary with beating toward the heights above,
My pinions droop before Thy Mercy Seat.

Borne on the bosom of the dying Day

Comes the sweet image of Thy perfect peace ;

And oh ! may that sweet angel never cease
To be my escort all the lonely way.

How passionless the wave-worn pebbles rest

Upon the quiet shore at eventide !

Thus may I humbly at Thy feet abide,
Or sink in peaceful slumbers on Thy breast.

THE FALSE LOVER.

SOFTLY the zephyrs murmur
Their songs o'er the lonely sea,
Bringing in sweetest music
Thy name, my love, to me.

But thy name is all that they whisper,
For thou art far o'er the sea,
And thy heart, it has gone, gone forever,
And thou art lost to me.

Once years ago thou did'st promise
Ever so faithful to be,
But now I am here, sad and lonely,
Whil'st thou art away o'er the sea.

Come, then, ye breezes and whisper
His name in your wild melody,
For though he has gone, gone forever,
His name is still precious to me.

TO MY ALMA MATER.

1903.

DEAR "Allison," fond memories lead me back
 To those sweet fleeting days of long ago,
 When, with companions dear, I shared the joys
 Of Youth's aspiring hope and Life's bright dream
 Within the shelter of thy learned halls.
 I see thee often in my dreams by night,
 And in my sweetest reveries by day.
 The beauty and the intellectual grace
 Of happy maidenhood floats through my soul
 In visionary waves. The past comes back,
 And as the afterglow of sunset dyes
 The landscape in the prismic hues of even,
 So are thy beauties heightened by the rays
 Of time and distance.

I can see again
 Those faces dear which used to smile on me,
 And hear again those words of kindly cheer
 Which fell with inspiration's charm on my
 Young heart. Not classic love can so uplift
 The soul. True culture is not found alone
 In books. Companionship of hearts aflame

With aspirations after God and Right
Doth fuse the grosser metals of the mind
And purge the dross of Learning.

Where, I ask,

Where are they now—teacher and trusted friend—
Where lie the many paths which crossing so
Within the shadow of thy classic dome
Diverge until with many a winding bout
They bring us to our final resting-place ?
Like sunbeams flickering through a forest maze,
Or like the sudden burst of happy song
From some familiar warbler of the Spring,
So are we sometimes gladdened with a word
Or smile or hand-clasp from an old-time friend,
Who, lost again to sight, is borne away,
And we are left with but the mem'ry of
A happy meeting. Some, alas !—dear friends—
Whose pathway lay hard by the “narrow house,”
Have turned in there, and having laid aside
Their clumsy cloak of clay, have donned the robes
Of blessed immortality. Yet life
Hath uses which we sometimes fail to round
Up to their fullest measure. Have we made
The best of this existence we call life ?
The sculptor knows his art, and from the stone
Chisels the form and features of a man,
Each in its full proportion till at last
There stands forth strong and bold that which portrays
The warmth, the energy, the life of his
Idea. This is art. But what of us
Dear classmates of a quarter century past,

What have we made of life ? Those high ideals
Which we once embraced and held aloft
And claimed as ours—have we been true to them
And kept their white robes clean without a smudge ?
And have we wrought to make our image fair,
Being so intent on this that such edged tools
As sorrow, grief and care, and even pain,
Have been laid hold of for the purposes
For which they were designed ? Have we had thought
For others—sympathy and love—and faith
In God and in our fellow-man, knowing
That man, being mortal, has not reached so high
As God the Eternal, who has stooped so low
As to embrace us all in one divine
Atonement.

What of Time, my friends ; have we
Been prodigal of that wherein doth lie
The hidden wealth of every human life ?
Each moment is a nugget of pure gold,
Each hour a pearl, each day a diamond clear,
Set in the coronet with which is crowned
The ever-circling year. 'Tis well that we
Each for herself look for a moment back,
Not wishing to return, but with resolve
To press with earnest feet toward the goal,
Well knowing that our " Alma Mater " looks
With loving pride upon each artist child,
If but her art be that of making all
Of life and opportunity and time
As serves God's will the best.

EDWARD VII.

1902.

A KING and crowned : yet none the less a king
He stood, a stricken son, beside her bed—
Our Queen, his mother—as her spirit fled
To reign with God at her awakening.

A King and crowned : the jewels of his crown
Flashed back their light as though they had been gem
Plucked from Orion's belt—such diadems
Resting so heavily are oft laid down.

A King and crowned : a chaplet far more fair
Rests lightly on his brow—begemmed with dew,
Roses of Love entwined with Honor's yew—
An Empire's loyalty hath placed it there !

A CHILD OF THE SEA.

SHE dwells in her home on the light-house rock,
Where the winds howl wildly by night and by day ;
But their fierceness brings to her heart no shock,
For she loveth to stand where the tossing spray
Leaps up from the sea,
The emerald sea,
To kiss her fair brow in its ecstasy.

There's a light in her eye and a smile on her lip,
Which reflect the deep joy of her sweet young life ;
There's a lover aboard yonder passing ship
Who gladly would win her for mistress and wife,
But she loveth the sea,
The mighty sea,
And she boweth before its immensity.

She trills a sweet lay like the nightingale's song,
And the breakers are hushed as the night comes down
While the saving lamps send their lights along
The white-capped waves and her white sea gown.
Oh, she loveth the sea,
The radiant sea !
And she charmeth the waves by her minstrelsy.

She looks to the North and she looks to the South
Oh, the ocean is wide and the winds obey,
And the pearls look out from her dimpled mouth
As the stars come forth in the milky way,
For she loveth the sky,
And she loveth the sea,
And her thoughts are the flowers of Poesy.

She looks to the East and she looks to the West,
While the moonbeams dance on her glossy hair,
Then she cries, "Dear Ocean, I love thee best—
Tho' the fields of Earth may be fresh and fair!"
Oh, she loveth the sea!
Its sublimity—
And her soul is the essence of Purity.

Her father chides that she laughs and sings
To the sound of the ocean by night and by day,
Then about his neck her tresses she flings,
And she smooths out the locks that are turning grey,
And she plants a kiss on his wrinkled brow:
"I love you Papa!" How now? how now?
Then she slips from his knee
At the beck of the sea,
For her heart responds to Infinity.

DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS?

It happened, just as the dawn of day
Was slowing brushing the dews away
 From her dreamy eyes,
To that stately mansion across the street
An heir was given with health replete,
 A sweet surprise.

“He is a son,” the father said,
As he gently stroked the silken head
 In his great joy ;
“Inheritor of all our wealth ;
And may God grant thee strength and health,
 My noble boy.”

And all along the river of life,
And all along on the billows of strife,
 There are loving hands
Outstretched to help him guide his boat
Over the treacherous waves afloat
 And the shifting sands.

DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS?

It happened as the old church bell
Was slowly tolling the solemn knell
 Of some dear saint,
In yonder tenement so forlorn
A homeless, friendless babe was born,
 In low estate.

A being cast upon the world
(Like some satanic shadow hurled)
 Without a name ;
Unparented, unloved and scorned,
To live unblessed, to die unmourned,
 Ignoble fame.

Ah ! well for thee, dear child of Fate,
That far above the blasts of Hate
 Stands Love's bright dome.
Foul calumny or slanderous speech
Cling close to earth ; beyond their reach
 Rest thee at home.

LOVE.

DRINK
Of the wine
Of love, and grow
Strong for the battle of life.
The world is torn by Strife and crushed
By Hate and Envy. Greed of yellow gold
Stalks through the earth and stamps his foot
And cries, "More gold ! more gold !"
O, be ye wise !
Wisdom is
Love.
As the blood
Which surges and sends
The elixir life through heart
And brain, so the wine of love shall surge
Through the soul and fill it with peace Divine,
And light and joy shall wake the world,
And every man shall aid
His brother man,
For this is
Love.

THE RETROSPECT.

I SEE again the dear old home,
The brothers dear with whom I played,
Sweet flowers upon the upland glade,
The swelling stream, the sparkling foam.

I see again the dear old wood,
The winding paths which daily led
To where the dappled oxen fed,
Or waded to their knees in mud.

I see the brook where from the bridge
We often fed the speckled trout ;
I see the laughing waterspout,
The graceful maples on the ridge.

The scented breath once more I breathe
Of honey-laden clover-blooms,
And from the golden meadow plumes
Full many a garland gay I wreath.

I feel once more, as I recall
The bluebird's chirp, the robin's note,
A rapturous fullness in the throat,
A tenderness o'ershadowing all.

Again I hold my little cup,
 Half-filled with berries from the vine,
 Oh, were to-day this heart of mine
 With childhood's pleasures half-filled up !

Through all those scenes of youthful bliss
 I see entwined my mother's smile,
 And on my brow I feel the while
 The imprint of my father's kiss.

Oh, were I free once more to roam
 The fields in search of violets,
 Or linger where the brooklet frets,
 Or watch the swifts returning home.

But I must leave these musings vain
 And clasp the handle-bars of strife,
 And, struggling up the steeps of life,
 Surmount all bitterness and pain.

Content if but my happy smile
 Shall cheer some traveller on his way,
 Or word let fall shall bright his day
 As up he labors mile by mile.

Dear brothers, will you kindly take
 This wreath of love I bring you now,
 And bind it on each noble brow,
 And wear it nobly for love's sake.

Coasting Song

'Though severed here and scattered far
From that dear home where once we played,
We travel on the up-hill grade
To meet within the gates ajar.

COASTING SONG.

OVER the ice and over the snow,
Jolly as kittens, here we go,
Down by the orchard all aglow,
With crystalline moonbeams falling so.

Hark how our sledges clatter and ring,
As down the steep hillside away we fling,
We sing as we go, and go as we sing,
Swiftly as swallows upon the wing.

Hark, I say, how the laden sledges
Clatter down past the alder hedges,
Over glades where the withered sedges
Warn us to look for the river's edges.

The icy river which never grows cold,
Flowing like youth which never grows old ;
Ah ! Youth the brave, and Love the bold,
Hand in hand as a tale that is told.

APRIL SHOWERS.

THE snow is off, the fields are brown,
In sweeping sheets the rain comes down,
The brook has risen above the bridge,
A greenness showeth along the ridge.

Where birch and poplar, early waking,
The freshness of the spring are taking,
To-morrow morn the sun shall rule—
To-day she plays at April fool.

THE MAYFLOWER (ARBUTUS).

“WHY bloom’st thou here alone,
In solitude and gloom,
Sweet Mayflower?”
“Because I can best my mission fill
In this quiet nook beneath the hill,”
She, blushing, said. I replied, “As you will,
Sweet Mayflower!”
“But how can all behold
Thy beauty yet untold,
Sweet Mayflower?”
“Though mortal feet should never press
The moss beside my snowy dress,
Yet God might stoop to love and bless
A sweet Mayflower.”

The Mayflower

“ My conscience checks me sore,
I shall doubt that love no more,
Sweet Mayflower.
If God so clothe in beauty mild
A flower upon the desert wild,
He surely will not pass His child,
Sweet Mayflower.

“ And now bloom on alone,
The light has almost flown,
Sweet Mayflower.
Wrapped in the mantle of the night,
Or robed in softest sylvan light,
Thou’lt ne’er be hidden from His sight,
Sweet Mayflower.

“ Again I say adieu,
Oft shall I think of you,
Sweet Mayflower.
And as I climb the dusky hill
I’ll bless thy power ; and ever will
For Him each silent task fulfil,
Sweet Mayflower.”

THE SWARMING OF THE BEES.

THE burning sun mounts up the sky,
 The hot air gleams and glimmers,
 The zephyrs stir the wheat and rye,
 The babbling brooklet shimmers.
 Keep eyes askance and ears alert
 Toward the tapering trees,
 For soon, ah, very soon, we'll hear
 The swarming of the bees.

We sit and watch the milk-white hives
 As full as they can muster ;
 Here's one upon whose outer side
 There hangs a little cluster ;
 A little mass of living things,
 Increasing by degrees,
 They're waiting for their queen, and we
 The swarming of the bees.

Last night I heard the sweet young queen,
 Within her queenly cell,
 Calling so low her peep-peep-peep,
 Like some far-sounding bell.

The Swarming of the Bees

I knew the little soldier lads
Would take their golden keys,
And take her out and crown her
For the swarming of the bees.

Here comes the older queen, and now
On either side they hustle ;
See how they pour from the open door,
Hark, how they buzz and bustle ;
They rise, they rise, on drowsy wing
(Now do not dare to sneeze),
Give way, give way, lest we disturb
The swarming of the bees.

The heated air is all alive—
Look out now for your tresses !—
They're here and there and everywhere,
Now let us make some guesses :
Where will they lodge ? On yonder bush,
Or here on one of these,
Or on that crab ? 'Tis fun to watch
The swarming of the bees.

Look, look, another hive has swarmed !
'Tis number forty-one,
That large hive yonder ; such a swarm !
Now, Allie, you must run
And fetch the swarming box and hives
And place them near the trees ;
Here father comes with wire-gauze hat
To the swarming of the bees.

At this we hear the dinner horn
 With its toot-toot-toot, toot, toot,
 And mother stands outside the door
 So neat from head to foot.
 She holds the conch shell in her hand,
 And looking up she sees
 How we are pressed, yes, hotly pressed,
 By the swarming of the bees.

She laughs, then calls, "'Tis dinner time."
 We answer, "Do not wait,
 For 'Number Sixty-five' has swarmed,
 And we must needs be late."
 The mowers from the hay-fields come ;
 "Raym" is an awful tease—
 He cries, "To dinner ! never mind
 The swarming of the bees."

One swarm has settled on a branch
 Of grandma's apple-tree,
 When father cries out, "'Sixty-five'
 Is just about to flee.
 Come, Lem, let's follow ; there they go,
 Bound for the forest trees."
 Oh, what a nuisance (here I sighed)
 This swarming of the bees !

They ran, they walked, they slowly climbed
 The hillside toward the wood,
 With eyes upturned and slipping feet,
 And mouths that craved for food ;

The Swarming of the Bees

One slipped and fell, they lost the trail
 (No sign of breath nor breeze),
Back from the mountain now they come
 To help us hive our bees.

And when at last we reach the house,
 Four over-heated sinners,
We find those heartless haying folk
 Have eaten up our dinners ;
The mutton chop, the berry pie,
 Potatoes and green peas,
All gone because we would attend
 The swarming of the bees.

HARVEST SONG.

THE scythes are ground, the sickles keen,
 Away, boys, away !
The field of wheat is ripe, I ween,
 Away, boys, away !
I can see the mowers dash,
I can see the sickles flash,
Looking from the open sash,
 This hot September day.

The team is fed and dinner o'er,
 Away, boys, away !
The buckwheat's ready for the floor,
 Away, boys, away !
I can see the horses dash,
I can see the pitchforks flash,
Looking from the open sash,
 This hot September day.

The flails are hanging on the beam,
 Away, boys, away !
The rick is full, the floors are clean,
 Away, boys, away !
I can see the threshers dash,
I can see the flails aflash,
Looking from the open sash,
 This hot September day.

THE SNOWSTORM.

1882.

“ It is snowing, mother, snowing !
Look, O look ! I see it coming !
I have waited long for winter—
Waited long to see a snowflake
Flutter down to earth so dreary.
Now I see it—here’s another !
Yes, they’re coming fast and faster,
And the ground is growing whiter
As though strewn with down of eider ;
And the sky—O mother ! did you
Ever gaze up toward the snow-cloud—
Gaze as I do at the snow-stars
Falling thickly all around one
Till you thought that they were resting
And that you were going upward—
Upward to a land of glory,
Where the snow-king scattered diamonds
In soft circles all about you ? ”

“ No, for me the rugged winter
Brings not half the charm and pleasure
That to you he brings, my darling,

When he shakes his head and covers
You with soft and feathery snowflakes :
I have known too many snowstorms—
Chilling, biting, bitter snowstorms !
And my heart, once light and happy,
Lies like lead within my bosom."

"Speak not so, my dearest mother.
Come and leave the bread you're kneading ;
Come with me and watch the snowstorm.
See, the earth is changing color.
All the dirty sticks and boxes,
All the vines and leaves, are covered ;
All the paths and fields and mountains,
All the churches and their steeples,
Everything, is changing color—
Everything except the river,
Cold and black and sober river.
Everything except the river
And the grey old ocean, rolling—
Everything but these are whitening,
Growing pure as pearl or crystal.
Mother, can't you love the snowstorm
As I love it ? I could stoop and
Kiss those white flakes, as the ocean
Nods and tosses snowy kisses
On the distant pebbly sea-beach !"

"Child, I know there lies a beauty
In each wondrous work of Nature ;
Whether in the swaying ocean,

The Snowstorm

Or the verdant hill and valley ;
Whether in the stars and sunlight,
Or the moon and fading twilight ;
Whether in the leaves that flutter,
Or the lilies by the river ;
Whether in the rain of summer,
Or the snowstorm of the winter ;
But, dear child, my eye for beauty
Has been dimmed by time and trouble ;
And the dews of many summers,
And the frosts of many winters,
Have been bleaching out the color
From my heart's blood, till the beauty—
All the beauty—all the pleasure
Life has left me is to love thee—
Is to love my child, and cherish
Every fond and pure desire,
Every noble aspiration,
That may spring from his young bosom,
Like the buds on willow branches—
Early formed, yet slow maturing.”

“ Mother, yes, I know you love me
As the ocean loves the dulse-rocks,
Hugging them at morn and even ;
As she loves the shells and sea-eggs,
Playing with them in the twilight ;
As she loves the foam and sea-weed,
Rocking them upon her bosom,
All because they are her children.
Mother, He who made the snowflake
Made thy heart for Him and heaven ! ”

“Child, you do not know my story ;
Long I’ve hidden it in sorrow
From you, lest it chill the fountain
Of this joyous, happy springtime—
Of your youth so full of pleasure.”

Here, upon her kerchief, Mary
Bore away a crystal tear-drop,
Which unbidden had come creeping
Down a cheek once flushed with beauty.

Eddie’s face grew sweetly solemn,
And his mother, looking downward,
Did not see his dark eye question,
Silently, her every motion—
Did not see his rose-lips open ;
But ere long she heard him speaking
Low and calm these words of comfort :

“Mother, I have heard your story,
And my own, a tearful story ;
Yet it may be I have never
Heard the truth about my father ;
And I always shunned to ask you,
Fearing you might grow the paler—
Fearing you might die of sighing.
But, my mother, if you trust me—
If you trust, or even love me—
Let me help you bear this burden.
I am not a baby, mother,
As I was the day my father
Left you with me on your bosom

The Snowstorm

“ Was he cruel, dearest mother ?
Was my father cold and cruel ?
Did he leave a curse upon me
When he left me on your bosom ?
I have heard so many stories,
And I know the truth of neither ;
But I’ve read the truest story
In your pallid cheeks, my mother,
In the lines across your forehead,
In your sighs and teardrops falling.
Now in words, my dearest mother,
Tell me how my father left you ;
Tell me how you met and parted.
Was I born of love or hatred ?
Was my father man or devil ? ”

“ Child, be still ! Go, watch the snowstorm
(Who could ever think of lisping
Such a thing unto my baby ?
Who could bear to taunt my Eddie
With such words about his father ?) ;
Go, bring out your handsled, Eddie,
And with Captain try the sledding.
After supper, in the evening,
When I’ve dried my tears a little,
I will tell you, if you wish it,
Of the summers and the winters
That have met me in life’s pathway.
I will tell you of your father,
How he loved and how he hated—
No, my child, he was not devil,
But as human loved and hated.”

Eddie went to harness Captain,
But no wonder, as they hasten
Down the path and through the garden,
If his thoughts should hasten faster—
Leave the dog and snow and cutter,
Dash across the foaming waters
To an imaged heartless father ;
Backward fly o'er time and tempest
To the birthplace of his mother.

Mary put the house in order,
Filled the grate, the hearth she dusted ;
But her heart was not in order :
Filled it was and choked with ashes—
Ashes of that living ember
That had smouldered into dying—
Burnt a while, then died a-sighing.

Should she tell her boy her story ?
Should she rake the embers over ?
Should she let him breathe upon them ?
Should she let him fan to burning
Any spark of love or mercy
That might lie beneath those ashes ?

“ I shall tell the truth ! ” she uttered.
“ I shall let him help me bear it
Since, alone, he has already
Suffered for me and without me.”

Supper over—glows the fire—
Eddie draws his chair toward it,

The Snowstorm

Grasps it in his dark eye's lustre,
Presses close his lips together
As in earnest thought, then, turning,
Whispers, "I am ready, mother,
Ready for that promised story."

Mary draws her chair beside him
And with steady voice commences :
"I have told you often, Eddie,
Of my home among the mountains,
Of my father and my mother,
Of my brothers four—your uncles ;
How my brothers were my playmates,
And I loved them, oh, so dearly !
I have told you how my childhood
Wrapped me in a robe of brightness,
Decked my sunny curls with roses,
Filled my lips with song and laughter,
Filled my sails with softest breezes,
Sent me sailing down life's river
Hopeful of a happy future.

"Years went by and many suitors
Sought my hand and heart, yet vainly,
Till one day a brilliant classmate
Asked of me a nearer friendship—
Asked if I would deign to love him ;
Said my will should be his pleasure,
Said to him my eyes were bluer,
And to him my cheeks were fairer,
Than he e'er had found in woman ;
Said my voice had softer cadence,

And my songs to him were heaven.
Thus it was your father loved me,
And I trusted him and loved him.
He was manly, good and noble ;
He was handsome, brave and honest."

"Was my father good?" cried Eddie.
"Why, then, did you cry this morning?
Oh, I thought him very wicked!"

"Eddie, listen. Not more wicked
Than our every heart is wicked ;
And that morning by the altar,
As we laid our hearts upon it,
None more true had breathed the sunshine.
We were happy, and the splendor
Of a coming brilliant noonday
Loomed upon us in the distance.
But as on a summer evening
Darkness closes in so slowly
That we scarcely see its coming
Till we feel its presence with us,
So a cloud came o'er our sunlight,
Came between our hearts, and hid us
From each other's fond endearance.

"O sad day, my dearest Eddie,
When the first flake from that snow-cloud
Touched and left its chilling imprint
On a heart so young and tender.

"We were living in a cottage,
Neatly fashioned, near the sea-side.

I had always loved the ocean,
And at first we were so happy.
Many friends were circled round us,
And the weeks and months sped swiftly,
All too swiftly, in their glory.
Thus the summer waned to winter,
And the winter sought the summer,
And the years were hastening by us,
When your father, fond of business,
Thought it best to leave the village,
Thought it best to seek the city,
If in wealth he wished to prosper.

“ But the sea-side held my fancy,
And to me his business interests
Were as very trifling matters ;
So I said I was not willing.
Still he urged the matter calmly ;
I again refused as coolly :
Said if he must leave the village,
He should leave his wife and baby.
Well, at last the strife was settled :
He should ride to town each morning,
Coming home to us at evening.”

“ Mother, do you hear the tempest—
How the wind, so lately risen,
Throws the hail against the window ?
See, too, how the frost-king weaveth
O'er each pane his damask curtains.
Let me heap the grate up higher—

Yesterday to me 'twas autumn,
Now I know 'tis surely winter."

"I, too, know 'tis surely winter,
Eddie, for the day your father
Left me fell a bitter snowstorm
That no soft wind since hath melted."

"If my father was not wicked
Why, then, did he leave us, mother?"

"I have lately thought it might be
That I gave him cause to hate me,
Since, believing all the stories
That the noisy neighbors told me,
I had shown a jealous spirit
And in actions said I hated."

"Did they tell you he was wicked?"

"No, they said that in the city
He was often seen at noontime
Walking down the street with Minnie—
Minnie Purdy, my old schoolmate;
And the thought it made me jealous.
Mayhap I have caused the trouble;
Yet I never thought till lately
But that cruel, heartless treatment
Had been yours and mine, dear Eddie."

"He was cruel, then, dear mother?"

The Snowstorm

"Cruel when he ceased to love me."

"Did he say his love had shipwrecked?"

"No, he falsely said he loved me ;
Said if by my angry temper
I should drive him from his hearthstone,
That he ne'er could love another ;
Said the ocean with its beauty—
That I loved beyond my husband—
He would sail upon and love it
For my sake ; and when aweary
Of a life so full of darkness,
He would drop himself upon it,
And would sink to sleep within it."

"Mother ! oh, you make me shudder !
Think you that my father struggles
With the surf this wind-stirred evening,
Or has he lain for many a winter
'Neath the waves where God keeps vigil ?"

"As the tempest at the window
Sweeps, then pauses on the casement,
So at thought of him my heart's blood
Sweeps and pauses in its current.
Oh, that tears might ease these eyelids
Of the gnawing pain of sorrow !
Death alone shall end this trouble,
Death alone shall tell the secret,
Death alone this question answer,

Was it love or was it hatred
Sent your father from our hearthstone ?”

“ Ah, did he go at last a-sailing ?
Did he tell you he was going ?
Did he bless me ere we parted ? ”

“ Yes, they said he went a-sailing,
But I did not half believe it
Until Minnie Purdy’s marriage
To a lawyer in the village
Wakened my dull thoughts a little.
Then I knew he was not living
In the city with those black eyes.”

“ Oh, my mother ! could you ever
Think such thoughts as those, not knowing ?
Oh, my father ! could I bind thee
In my boyish grasp a moment ;
If thine heart had power to love me,
I would bring thee to my mother.
We would weep the day to dawning,
We would sigh ourselves to singing
Till the music caught us upward
Where our sighs should all be over.”

“ No more questions now, dear Eddie,
Till the fire this night has kindled
Burns itself to cooler embers.
Read a little, dearest Eddie,
From the sacred Psalms of David,

If perchance they may a measure
Soothe my soul to milder longing."

Eddie quickly rises, scanning
Closely all his mother's features.
Pausing, speaks in whispers, "Mother,
List the sound of someone tapping!"

"It is nothing; get the Bible."

Looking upward sees she standing,
There before her in the doorway,
Someone wrapped in snowy garments,
Looking on her in the stillness.
Then, as if by love's own impulse,
Drawing Eddie fondly to him,
Covered him with snow and kisses.
Then he calmly whispered, "Mary,
I have come to see my baby
And to ask you to forgive me
If a tear I've ever caused you."
Then he clasped her to his bosom.
She was wild with joy. Behold her
As the long-bound fountains, gushing,
Lave the dry and parched lashes.

"Mother, say, is this my father?"

"Yes, my child. Oh, how he loves us!
Father, take your snowy coat off.
How the tempest howls and whistles!
We've been thinking all the evening—
Thinking of you since the twilight."

"I had thought to find you married,
Mary. Why receive me kindly,
Since we parted so unkindly?
Shall we love as once we hated?
I was cold and cruel, Mary,
When I walked with Minnie Purdy
That your jealous eyes might tingle;
Not because I loved her better,
But because I thought you heartless;
And my love burned to a white heat
In that fire, then turned to anger.
Oh, I was to blame, dear Mary!
And I humbly beg your pardon.
If we each have learned a lesson,
Let the past this night be buried."

Mary raised her eyes toward him.
Filled they were with mellow beauty,
And her voice came as the music
That his youthful ear had greeted.
"Let the past indeed be buried.
It was I who caused the heartache;
It was I who sent you from me,
Made myself a very widow,
From my Eddie tore his father,
Wrapped his life in hidden sorrow—
I was wicked! God forgive me!"

Then spoke Eddie from the cushion
Of the sofa where he nestled.
Thus spoke Eddie: "O my father—

Seems so strange to say 'my father'—
Strange to see you love my mother.
I am glad the snowstorm brought you.
Mother, he's the biggest snowflake.
Surely God has blessed the tempest,
Since it brought my exiled father
That my eyes may feast upon him,
That my heart may drop the burden
It has borne so long and lonely.
Now we'll live to love each other."

Tears of joy swept the dark lashes,
And the rose-lips quivered slightly,
And the breast of Edward Burton
Rose and fell with deep emotion.
Tears and silence reigned a moment,
Then outspoke the weeping father:
"Mary, have we learned the lesson
How to live and love and suffer,
How to live for one another?
Have we learned the lesson, Mary,
That the blessed Saviour taught us
When He said, through His apostle,
'Bear ye one another's burdens.'"

And the tearful Mary answered,
"We shall bear each other's burdens."

Then the sleeping Eddie whispered
In his dreams, "He is my father—
Snowstorm—Bear each other's burdens."

FREDERICTON.

1903.

CITY of gilded spires,
 Lit by the fires
 Let fall from off the anvil of the sun,
 In vivid flashes,
 Fading to ashes
 When weary day's laborious work is done ;
 Dear Frederickton, I love thee.

On earth no fairer scene
 Is found, I ween,
 Not even on the far-famed castled Rhine,
 Than this which greets my eye,
 River and sky
 And mirrored city in one hazy line.
 Dear Frederickton, I love thee.

City of cultured homes
 'Neath mountain domes
 Which guard the court where Learning's aloë nods,

As the Acropolis
Of Ancient Greece
Protection gave to her Athenian gods,
Dear Fredericton, I love thee.

City of trellised bowers,
Of gorgeous flowers,
Of shady walks where lovers pay their vows ;
City of legislators
Where none are traitors
To any cause that Wisdom may espouse ;
Dear Fredericton, I love thee.

City "Celestial"—sweet—
I love thy cool retreat,
O'ershadowed by the greenness of thine elms ;
The charms that in thee lie
None other could supply
Were I to search through half a hundred realms.
Dear Fredericton, I love thee.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

THE night is dark and the wind moans piteously ;
The rain has fallen slowly all day long,
Wasting the snow which lies in foaming drifts,
Fence high, within my pretty garden plot,
Where poppies shed their petals white like snow
Last summer if the rain or wind but sighed.
Flash, flash ! "What's that ?" "'Tis lightning sure,
my dear."

"I'll draw the curtain—this will hide the storm.
'Tis but the first of March, and thunderstorms
Don't count for much in March." Flash, flash !
"Turn on the light." Crash, crash, roar, rumble, roar !
"My ! what a peal !" "You're not afraid, my dear ?
It makes me smile to think a thunderstorm
In winter time should make you look so pale."
Flash, flash ! "It surely can't be much !"
Flash, flash, flicker, flash ! "Good heavens ! what a
storm !"

"'Twill all be over soon ; don't tremble so.
Turn from the window, dear ; look toward the door."
Crash, crash, roar, roar, crash, rumble, roar, roar, roar !
"Why, such a storm for March I never knew ;
But surely 'twill not last—I grow alarmed !"
Flash, flicker, flash, roar, flash, roar, flash !
"My heart ! the Judgment Day has come, alas !"
Crash, crash, roar, flash ! "Come closer to me, dear.
We'll bravely die together now and here."

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE NORTH.

GLORIOUS mountains of the North !
 Blazing forth
Electric whiteness, crystalline splendor,
 From your sword-like peaks,

Rugged, bold and supremely grand
 Still ye stand ;
As, age upon age, ye have stood and withstood
 The bombardment of time.

Ye of the land where the rivers hold
 Such wealth of gold ;
Where the midnight sun looks across the night,
 Like a spirit dethroned ;

Tell me, ye crags, where the winds ever blow,
 And the snow
Folds her glistening veil over turret
 And pinnacled temple ;

Whisper the secret, ye silent knights,
 From your heights ;
 Tell me what treasures you guard so securely,
 Tell me, ye bold,

What precious stones lie awaiting the light,
 Deep in the night
 Of your fortified cells like crystallized tears
 Of giants colossal ;

Or what hideous monsters
 In granite cages,
 Motionless, mute, crouch under the weight
 Of your avalanches.

We of the fearless and frozen north,
 Answer we forth
 By the earthquake's thund'rous voice, we guard
 The secret of the Lord.

HOME-BOUND.

SHE hastened toward the home-bound train—
Fond friends had said “Good-bye”—
And thoughts of home now filled her mind
And joy lit up her eye.
A mental vision crossed her gaze,
Of transitory bliss ;
She saw her waiting husband’s smile
And felt her daughter’s kiss.

She stands upon the heaven-bound train,
Her quickened vision sees
Her heavenly home beyond the sky—
The earthly vision flees :
She hears the angelic chorus swell,
She wakes to perfect bliss,
She sees her heavenly Father’s smile,
And feels an angel’s kiss.

COURAGE.

WHAT'S a man without courage? Better dead
That man who, like the lazy cur which mopes
Beside him, doth never rise to a brave deed
Unless his ears are pulled. When courage fails,
Down with the brakes, O world, bid progress stand!

Who are the men whom honor loves to serve?
Not they who map out idle plans, but dare
Not rise to a brave act. Who are the men
That from the caverned earth have filched her gold,
Her precious stones, her rocks and fossils rare—
The garnered stores of ages long gone by—
And laid them at the feet of Beauty, Wealth,
And Power, as trophies of their toil and bravery?
Who are the men that, reaching toward the sky,
Have tamed the elements like captive birds,
And trained them into speech, and given them wings—
Swift wings, to fly from mountain peak to peak—
Swift wings, to bear from shore to distant shore
The thought that moves the engine of the world?
And who are they who through dark forest mazes
Have trodden mile on mile in weariness

Until the hours were rounded up to days,
And days to months, and months to cankering years,
In tracing rivers, climbing mountain heights,
Traversing hill and dale and table-land,
In breaking up the fallow of discovery?
Are these not men of courage, holding lightly
Love of pleasure or the love of life,
If but the goal of their ambition lay
This side the bounds of the impossible?

Some claim to have ambition, but they lack
In courage, energy—in motive power—
Electric fire turned on until it leaps
Beyond its very self and strikes a blaze
In other latent souls. To some the aim,
The end of life is life; and life, they hold,
Is but to breathe and sleep and eat to live.
Shall man, endowed with intellectual wealth,
Pander to such low aims? 'Tis true the babe
Must creep ere he can walk; but some grown babes
Are more content to creep, being overgrown,
Than when they were mere children on the floor.

Listen, young man, with health and vigor blest;
Think not that fortune can be wooed and won
By plucking nosegays for her bridal wreath.
Throw off the shackles of a vain conceit,
Lay hold on labor, link thyself to toil;
And from the marble of thy noble deeds,
Laid in the mortar of a high resolve,
Build up a temple lasting as the hills
And higher than the shifting vane of fortune.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

COME, bright day, with light and song,
Care relieving ;
Deem not last year's doubt and pain
Worth the grieving ;
Let the flowers of hope and faith
Bloom once more ;
Twine the mistletoe and holly
'Bout the door,
Whilst we welcome home the loved
And absent long
With a roundelay of happy
Christmas song.

Come, bright day, of all the year
Most supernal,
Scattering wondrous gifts of joy—
Flowers eternal—
Let the beauty of His face,
Lit with love
Shine upon the tears of earth
From above,
Till the rainbow of His presence
Shall appear,
Growing brighter through the happy
Livelong year.

